

A MEXICAN RESORT

Pretty Indians Sport in Healing Waters.

PICTURES OF AGUAS CALIENTES

What it Costs to Dress a Mexican Dude—A Look at the Markets and Curiosities—After Lovel.

AGUAS CALIENTES, June 8, 1891.—(Special correspondence of THE HERALD.)—I am at Aguas Calientes, the famous hot springs of Mexico. It is altogether different from an American health or pleasure resort, and it might be better transported to the soil of western India and not seen out of place. I am sitting in my room, high-ceilinged, with a view of the hotel, on the ground floor, and I call my boy chamberman to make up my bed by clapping my hands. It has no windows, and it looks out on a little garden full of most beautiful flowers. The hotel is built around a garden. It is of one story, and it makes me think of a hotel at which I stopped in the native states of Hindustan, Jeypora, where I had to have my own servant, and he slept all night in front of my door. Aguas Calientes contains about forty thousand people, and nine-tenths of the houses are of one story. They all have flat roofs, and the water is drained off through pipes of clay which jut out about a foot from the edge of the walls. These walls are very thick. They are built of stone or sun-dried brick, and are stuccoed where they face the street, and this plastering is a yellowish brown, and in delicate blues or pinks or yellows, making the whole town one mass of rainbow colors, which, strange to say, does not look out of place under this bright Mexican sun. None of these houses have gardens in front of them. They are built close up to the cobble-stone sidewalks, so that in going through the town, you seem to be passing between walls of gaily-colored bill-boards ready for the posters, each of which has a hole in its center for a door. The poorer houses have doors very roughly made, and in the palatial ones, the street can be seen from the depot to the center of the town, you see few houses with windows, and many of these doors are filled with queer-looking dark-faced people. The men in their red and gaily-colored blankets look picturesque, and the women, with their dark mahogany faces, their long black hair streaming down their backs freshly wet from their last bath in the waters, are in some cases very pretty, and in others as ugly as the Witch of Endor after an attack of the smallpox.

BIG ONLY IN PRICE.
As you leave the station, you pass the public bath houses, low Spanish buildings, where you can take a bath for three or thirty cents, a bath of any kind you want, and go on up a long dusty thoroughfare under wide-spreading green trees into the business part of the town. The business of this city of forty thousand people is a fair sample of that of the interior Mexican town. It is big only in the prices asked for the articles which are sold. There are no big business centers. The most of the firms are run on small capital, and there are hundreds of stores which have not more than two hundred dollars worth of stock. Many of these have even less, and the storekeeper, in the majority of instances, has a little cave of a store without any windows opening out on the street, and he stands behind a counter which runs right across the store in front of the door and offers his goods for sale for three times what he expects to get. The case of the smaller business, the trader is generally a Mexican, and there are more peddlers in one city in this country than in any other. The prices of the same line in the United States. I have just come from the market. Imagine a long line of stalls around two hollow squares which cover the area of a city block. These stalls are occupied by the butchers and bakers and the candle-stick makers who have the biggest stocks, and the squares are filled with big-baited men in white cotton clothes, and by red-skirted women in white waists and red skirts who sit under white umbrellas as big as the top of a small camping tent, with little piles of vegetables and fruit around them. I asked as to prices and found that things were sold in piles and not by measure. So many little potatoes made up a pile, and I was asked two cents for four potatoes each of which was as big as a buckeye. A pile of four eggs costs here three cents, and a little pile of tomatoes and peppers were among the things sold. Peppers both green and red, were sold everywhere, and I saw that some of the bigger market men had great lines of them. They form a part of every Mexican dish and are eaten in great quantities. The average Mexican, however, eats very little in comparison with us. His market bills are not half as heavy as those of his American brother, and a sewing basket would contain the daily supply for a large family. The cheapest thing sold seems to be fruit, which grows in the shape of oranges, bananas, and pineapples, and I got splendid oranges for a cent apiece.

A SAMPLE MARKET.
About this market, the Mexican peddlers had collected themselves by the dozens. Here was a woman with two great jars of what looked like beer, and here another before her. She was selling it in glasses which held from a half pint to a pint, to the passers by at one and two cents a glass. At the corner beside her, was a table piled with the Mexican beer, which comes from a species of cactus, and which is drunk by the barrel every day throughout Mexico. At the corner beside her, was a case which looked like a book-case, before a shoe peddler. His stock was made up of sharp-toed gaiters, and by actual count he had only twenty pairs to sell. A little further on, a yellow-faced woman in her bare feet, sat with ten pairs of baby shoes beside her. This made up her whole establishment, and around the corner I found a very pretty Aztec maid sitting on a stool and rolling black tobacco into cigarettes. The paper used was thicker than the newspaper in which this letter will be printed, and she doubled the paper over the cigarettes at both ends to make it stay together. Before she did so, however, she moistened the paper with her cherry lips, and when I smoked a package of her wares at the cost of two cents, it seemed to me that some of the cherries lingered there still. It was about 10 o'clock at the time I visited the market, and I found that few were buying. Two well-to-do Mexican ladies dressed in black, passed through giving directions to their servants as to what to buy, but I am told that this was contrary to etiquette, and that the ladies of Mexico seldom do their own marketing but leave it entirely to the servants.

STYLE AND RAGS.
Near the market I found a very fair store, but they would be small affairs in a town of forty thousand people in New York or Ohio, and a western city of ten thousand could show many finer. The counters here ran across the whole front of the store, and only the biggest of them had show windows. The dry goods stores contained chiefly French goods, and the merchants were in most cases French or German, though I found some of them Mexicans. I stopped in front of a hat store which had a most gorgeous display in its windows and priced some sombreros. They ranged from a dollar up to \$75 apiece, and I am told that some of these Mexican dudes wear hats that cost more than one hundred dollars. Some of the hats were trimmed with gold and silver cord, and I looked at a \$50 one which weighed about ten pounds, and which measured eighteen inches from one side of the brim to the other. It had a crown a foot high, and there was a cord of gold rope as big around as my wrist about it. Many of the hats had gold and silver letters upon them, and I saw many which have the monograms of their owners.

cut out of silver and sewed on to the sides. They are of many colors, a delicate cream, a drab and a black being very common, and they are beautifully made and are said to be just the thing for this hot sun and the high wind. The same fine gold lace is used. Most of these came from Paris. They were very high priced and not at all pretty. Near by I stopped at a Mexican clothing store and looked at some Mexican pasties. I here again found that the dude of our sister republic has to pay for his style. Many of the pasties were made of buckskin, and the nicest pairs which were lined with solid silver buttons down the sides, cost as high as \$50 and \$75, and coats are likewise high. It is not hard for a Mexican to get a suit of clothes to spend from \$300 to \$400 on his clothes, and when you take into consideration that he has to sport a saddle, spurs and revolver of like gorgeous character, you see that if one of these big farmers has a crowd of grown-up boys, his clothing bills amount to something. This, however, is the case of only the rich. The poor fellow who goes to the market to buy a pair of trousers, and whose clothes cost practically nothing, a pair of these cast-off buckskin pasties will last a long time, and the ordinary cotton suits worn by the poor, though high considering their character, cost but little. A blanket costs from a dollar and two up, and the leather coat which is worn almost universally by the Indians, are nothing more than two pieces of sole leather as big as your hand tied to the top and bottom of the feet with rawhide, and cost \$5 each. A pair of shoes and last a long time. The dress of the poorer women is even cheaper than that of the men, and Mexico's 9,000,000 of peasants will have to make more money and have greater needs before the land can become a great consumer of the goods of any nation. Their houses are hovels of mud, and their clothes simpler than their clothes, consisting of little more than corn cakes and red peppers.

NOTHING POOR BUT THE PEOPLE.
The only poor thing however about this part of Mexico is the people. The land here is as black as your hat, and in coming to Aguas Calientes, the Mexican Central Railroad, you ride for miles through fields which will vie with their crops with the Valley of the Nile or the Ganges, and I am told this is called the Garden of Mexico. It certainly is a wonderfully rich garden, and crops of all kinds grow here in all the luxuriance of the tropics. The soil is a black, and the air seems to revivify the land so that it produces two crops a year without manure. From here almost to the City of Mexico, a full day's ride on the cars, you go through a farmer's paradise, and plains of rich crops stretch away from each side of the road until their green fades out into the haze of the mountains in the distance. This region of Mexico has a good rainfall during the wet season, but this is also aided by irrigation, and I see the water from one water course run level to another in the same way that used about Osaka in western Japan. It is by a long pole with a weight on one end and with a bucket on the other, and a rope on the wheel works on a second pole fastened upright into the ground. You see peasants working this crude well everywhere, and the sparkling water flows like bands of silver through the green. This is a great silver region, and I see corn stalks in many of the fields. Maize is one of the great crops of Mexico. It can be raised in every part of the country, and it constitutes eighty per cent of the entire agricultural product of the land. More than one hundred million dollars' worth of it is raised every year, and it forms the food of the common people who pound or grind it up and make it into the thin flat griddle-like cakes known as tortillas. The corn is always sold in a shelled state, and such as I have seen have been white in color and large in grain.

WATER IS SCARCE.
Up to the present time every Mexican city I have visited is suffering for lack of water. The greater part of the country north of the line of the Mexican Central road is desert, and the big mining towns of Zacatecas and Guanajuato have hundreds of men who make water peddling their profession. In Zacatecas the water, with the exception of a little stream that flows into a big fountain in the plaza, comes from a spring up on the mountain and it is brought down on the backs of little donkeys in red clay jars. These jars are tied on by ropes, and the water man peddles them from house to house as our dairymen do their milk. In Guanajuato the people are more enterprising and they have a system of water works which, however, by no means supplies the demands of the city. The water peddlers here carry the water about on their backs in immense jars of red pottery about four feet long and a foot in diameter, and they sit over when they want to serve a customer. In Zacatecas I saw soldiers guarding the only working fountain of the city and allowing only so many men and women to dip up water as they could get in. The water was under the blade of the hot sun other men and women squatted with gourds and crocks or old cans waiting their turn. The water from the fountain was scooped up by these people as fast as it flowed out of the half dozen mouths of the fountain, and men and women bent themselves double in reaching over and catching the drops in their gourds or in scooping it up from the edge of the fountain.

MOTEL BATH.
Aguas Calientes means "hot water," and the hot springs here are among the finest in the world. There are a number of them, and the people come here by the thousands to bathe in their health-giving waters. There is a big bath house kept up, I was told, by the town, which has excellent bathing arrangements, and in which there is a tank of hot water about three feet square which is used as a swimming bath. This is near the depot on the edge of the town, but I preferred to go to the old baths at the springs, about a mile out in the country. The road to these baths is one of the finest in Mexico, and the sights along it you will see nowhere else in the world. Picture to yourself a long, straight, level road, which almost meet far above your head and shut out the glare of the Mexican sun and the silver of the clear sky. Let these trees be very near together, and let them go on and on until they seem to almost come together in the distance. Along the sides of the road let there be the greenest of grass, and on the right of you as you walk towards the bath, place a stream of steel blue water, from which the steam rises as it flows on towards you. Let this road be a little aqueduct of white stone, and let this be about three feet wide and about four feet deep. Here you have the back of the road. Now for the rest of the road. This stream is the waste of the hot springs. It is also the bathing place and the washing place of the common people, of the Aztecs and the Mexicans. They are here by the hundreds—men and women, girls and boys, lovers and sweethearts—all bathing together in the warm, refreshing and health-giving waters. Many of them have washed their clothes while in the water, and these they have spread out on the green banks to dry. Under these great trees, as far as your eye can see, are the people, and the air is thick with the other bright bits of color made by many colored sarapes and the gay robes which lie on the green banks while their owners are splashing and playing and scrubbing themselves in the little trench below. Here is a man bathing and his wife sits on the bank and watches him, and the sun creeps through the trees and sinks in the dark sky, and a rich mahogany here is a half-nude Venus, naked almost to the waist, scrubbing away washing some clothes by rubbing them on a rough stone, and under a tree lies an Indian half-dressed but fast asleep. I point my camera at him, and his wife springs up from the stone where she is sitting and stands over him as though she feared the camera was some new-fashioned gun. I press the button, however, and the lens and the shutter do the rest.

NOTHING IMMEDIATE ABOUT IT.
I walk along the stream and amuse myself by taking note of the bathers. They are doing nothing in their actions, and I note that there is nothing really immediate or indecent about them. They think nothing wrong in families and friends bathing together, and after all I have again corrected my idea of the modesty of the Mexicans. Immorality is a matter of custom and fashion, and an reminder of a little maiden covered her face with her arms that she might modestly hide it from the eyes of a man. The Japanese are in many ways more modest than we are. They are in fact the most modest people I have seen. Still until lately the sexes bathed there together in the very capital city, and virtue

was not injured nor did prudery raise her voice until the Western world taught her to do so. It is simply a matter of opinion and the old French saw fits the case well: *Il n'est point de mal en soi.*

A POPULAR REMEDY.
Mr. John Keown, the worthy postmaster at Aguas Calientes, Penn., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy sells better than any other." The reason of this is because it can always be depended upon. Let the coughed suffer with a severe cold give it a trial and they will find that the first dose will relieve the lungs and make breathing easier, and that its continued use will free the system of all symptoms of the cold. The promptness and certainty of this remedy in the relief and cure of colds, has won for it many sincere friends and made it very popular. For sale by Z. C. M. I. drug dep.

MILLIONS IN IT.

Mr. Weeks Expects to Take a Hundred Millions Out of the Dalton.
"You will be living pretty high when you take \$300,000,000 out of the Dalton mine," said a HERALD reporter to Mr. Weeks, of Wilbur & Weeks.
"We will be greatly disappointed if we do not take out four times that amount," said Mr. Weeks, disdaining to think of anything less than \$1,200,000,000.
"You have the fever worse than an old timer," said the HERALD reporter.
"No, sir; we are going on the judgment of Hank Smith, superintendent of the Dalton-Bock, and who for many years was superintendent in one of the Comstock mines. Mr. Smith pronounces it a genuine Comstock lode. Anyway it is free milling gold ore, and that never runs less than \$2,500 a ton."
After talking in the hundred million strain for some time Weeks pulled out of his pocket three specimens of ore that he had just received from the mine taken out at the face of the 90-foot tunnel. The gold was sticking out as thick as the rust on an old piece of iron, and what is more it is clear through the stone in thick seams.

To Perpetuate Macdonald's Name.
MONTREAL, June 12.—There is a movement on foot here to perpetuate the name of Sir John Macdonald by establishing an organization to be known as "The Maple Leaf League of Canada," on the same principle as the "Prime Minister League of Great Britain," namely, the maintenance of the integrity of the empire, upholding religion, etc.

Debate on German Grain Duties.
BERLIN, June 12.—In the lower house of the Prussian diet to-day, the debate on the grain duties was resumed. Von Caprivi declared it was impossible for the government to submit to the house the reports which had been received from foreign countries in regard to the duties made by the government in regard to grain matters. But the chancellor added, commenting on the Russian report, there was danger that Russia could send a sufficient train for the use of Germany. In conclusion, the chancellor strongly protested against the proposal that the government had not paid due consideration to the welfare of the working people. After considerable additional debate, Rickert's motion, that the government should submit to the house the material upon which the chancellor based his recent speech upon the grain duties, was rejected by a vote of 223 to 30.

South Sea Sealing Prohibited.
SAN FRANCISCO, June 12.—The action of the United States in barring sealers from Behring sea recently has caused the Tasmanian officials to pass an act prohibiting seal catching in the South Pacific within extensive boundaries. Sealers found near the islands risk the forfeiture of their vessels and arrest. This is a hard blow to the sealing fleet of this port.

McClary Refused a New Trial.
UNIONTOWN, Pa., June 12.—Judge Ingraham overruled the application for a new trial in the case of McClary and Mike Dismann, labor leaders, and sentenced McClary to a term of imprisonment of two years. Dismann, who was out on bail, did not appear in court, and it is said, has left the country. The jury in the case against Wise, Rae, Parker and other leaders, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

The Furniture Manufacturers.
BOSTON, June 12.—The National Furniture Manufacturers' association closed its annual session to-day after the election of officers. Joseph G. Sextro, of Cincinnati, was made president.

Hanchette Goes to South America.
LOS ANGELES, Cal., June 12.—A gentleman intimately connected with H. J. Hanchette says the latter announced his intention of going to South America if the orange carcase at Chicago proved a failure. Detectives have learned that Hanchette went to New York and is now on his way to South America.

Queen Bees Not Unobtainable.
WASHINGTON, June 12.—Assistant Secretary Spaulding has decided that queen bees are entitled to entry free of duty under the tariff providing for animals specially imported for breeding purposes, notwithstanding the requirement that the provision for a certified pedigree showing the pure blood cannot possibly be complied with in their case. This is in harmony with the practice under the old tariff, and is in conformity with the practice under the present tariff of assessing queen bees at the rate of 50 per cent, ad valorem under the provision for animals not otherwise provided for. The present ruling is based on the representation that these bees are never imported for other than breeding purposes and that they are always of superior blood.

Argentine Gold Bill Reconsidered.
BUENOS AYRES, June 12.—Owing to the public opposition to the measure, the senate has decided to reconsider the passage of the bill to suspend gold payments for a period of six months.

Escape of a Mail Robber.
TUCSON, Ariz., June 12.—Henry Miller, sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for robbing the mails, escaped from the guards at Casa Grande last night while being taken to California.

William Blaney Hanged.
BALTIMORE, June 13.—William Blaney was hanged in the jail yard here this morning for the murder of his grandmother and aunt the night of May 2, 1890.

Hunting a Murderer.
ALBANY, Ga., June 12.—N. C. Mercer (white), was killed by a negro named Crawford in a dispute over payment for services of the latter as expressman. Parties of men are hunting for the negro who, if captured, undoubtedly will be lynched.

A SURE CURE FOR PILES.
Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form is also called Blind, Hemorrhoids and protruding piles. At once Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly on the parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. See Druggists or write to Dr. Bosanko free. Dr. Bosanko, 229 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

THE PULP IT AND THE STAGE.
Rev. F. M. Shrout, pastor United Brethren church, Blue Mount, Kan., says: "I feel my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my physicians thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and an sound and well, gaining 25 pounds in weight."

Arthur Love, manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousands of friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at A. C. Smith & Co.'s drug store. Return \$1.00 and \$2.00.

COUNTY CONVENTION

A Call that All Democrats Should Heed.

MONDAY NEXT FOR PRIMARIES

The County Convention to be Held on Monday, June 22—Let All Attend.

To the People of Salt Lake County:
To all who are willing to abandon their political affiliations of the past and join with the Democrats in organizing a Democratic party for Salt Lake county, we respectfully request that you meet in the usual meeting places of your respective precincts on Monday, the 22nd day of June, 1891, at 7:30 p. m., and select delegates to meet in a county convention to be held at the Electric Light Hall in Salt Lake city, at 12 o'clock m., June 22, 1891; and we suggest as a basis of representation in said convention that the several precincts of the county select the following number of delegates each respectively:

First Precinct, all of the city south of Third Street east of Main, primary at Exposition building.	1
Second Precinct, all north of Third Street and west of Main, primary at Independence hall.	1
Third Precinct, all north of South Temple and west of Main, primary at usual place.	1
Fourth Precinct, all north of Brigham and east of Main, primary at Independent school-house.	1
Fifth Precinct, all east of Main between Brigham and Third Street, primary at Federal court room.	1
Sugar House.	2
Mountain Dell.	1
Farmer's.	2
East Mill Creek.	4
Big Cottonwood.	3
South Cottonwood.	4
Union.	2
Bellevue.	1
Granite.	1
Little Cottonwood.	2
Wash.	2
Draper.	4
Third Dale.	1
Riverton.	1
South Jordan.	1
Fort Herriman.	1
West Jordan.	4
English.	4
North Jackson.	4
Granger.	1
Brighton.	1
North Point.	1
Hunter.	1
Presidents.	1

Delegates should receive credentials properly authenticated by the chairman and secretary of the meeting.

J. W. JUDD,
A. G. NORRIS,
S. W. DARKE,
RICHARD H. GABELL,
J. L. RAWLINS,
SIMON HAMBERGER,
M. E. MCKINNEY,
JOSEPH E. CAINE,
J. E. HAMBERGER,
F. L. WILLIAMS,
STANLEY E. CANNON,
J. G. SUTHERLAND,
A. T. SCHROEDER,
C. S. NICHOLS,
P. J. W. DALY,
C. H. BARNETT,
J. R. YOUNG,
J. R. WALDEN,
W. H. HODGES,
LAURENCE L. ARCHER,
FRANK HARRIS,
JAMES E. HARRIS,
NAT M. BRIGHAM,
CYRUS L. HAWLEY,
H. C. BEICH,
O. P. GRIFFIN,
J. W. JAMESON,
J. B. KEIR,
CHAS. A. CASTLE,
CHAS. W. COOK,
J. W. DAWSON,
R. B. NICHOLS,
T. B. O'MARA,
D. S. GRIFFIN,
JOHN B. TAYLOR,
W. H. CASADY,
WM. BURKE,
JAMES E. WILLIAMS,
M. B. SOWLES,
W. D. WOOD,
L. H. YOUNG,
ANDREW J. BURT,
E. R. NICHOLS,
E. O'NEILL,
E. A. FISHER,
HENRY PUGH,
C. T. NELSON,
JOHN MCKINNEY, JR.,
JULIUS MEYER,
T. J. MACKINTOSH,
J. M. SLOAN,
J. M. KENNEDY,
CHARLES H. SCHREINER,
W. M. PRATT,
W. C. A. SMOOT, JR.,
WILLIAM J. HALLORAN,
ANDREW J. WHITE,
H. C. LETT,
A. A. WICKHAM,
W. GIBBS,
JOHN H. KEENE,
G. W. CADY,
W. H. ROOT,
H. E. ELBERT,
R. C. CHAMBERS,
C. B. GLEN,
W. T. GUNTER,
S. A. MERRITT,
T. L. BOWMAN,
MARTIN GROESBECK,
JAMES W. HAMM,
JAMES H. NOUNAN,
CHARLES HOLLOWAY, JR.,
G. M. WRIGHT,
R. H. LEMON,
E. C. DEWITT,
J. E. SHERLOCK,
W. J. DINWIDDY,
WILLIAM R. WALLACE,
JOHN R. PRICE,
A. J. TAYLOR, JR.,
GEORGE KAMER,
FRANK EBLIN,
F. KELLAR,
T. F. THOMAS, JR.,
H. W. LARSEN,
HARRY CLARK,
J. W. MCLELLIN,
H. CARLILE,
W. H. HOYT,
CHARLES T. PRICE,
ROBERT MURRY,
H. S. LANEY,
H. W. CALE,
O. H. PETTIT,
J. F. TAYLOR,
BENJAMIN J. S. BEER,
A. L. RADDLEY,
W. E. WENTWORTH,
D. B. BENNETT,
C. S. LOOSEY,
R. B. MILLER,
A. S. SANDERS,
JOHN R. MIDDLEMISS,
O. J. GREER,
B. F. MCQUINNIE,
R. S. BRADLEY,
WM. REID,
WILLIAM MOSS,
A. M. CANNON, JR.,
E. E. SYLVESTER,
S. F. BROWN,
P. H. TAYLOR,
R. THOMPSON,
O. C. BROWN,
J. STOCKDALE,
FERGUSON FERGUSON,
HADLEY D. JOHNSON,
M. E. CUMMINS,
D. W. JAMES,
R. G. TAYLUM,
JOHN S. LEWIS,
JESSIE FOX JR.,
ELIAS A. SMITH,
W. W. RITZ.

F. W. LITTLE,
JOHN T. CAINE,
FRANK W. JENNINGS,
HERBERT PENNIBROCK,
L. S. HILLS,
R. S. KIMBALL,
O. H. HARDY,
THOMAS BULL,
H. G. WHITNEY,
FRANK H. DYER,
JOHN R. WINDER,
LE GRAND YOUNG,
FRANCIS ARMSTRONG,
S. A. KENNER,
WILLIAM FULLER,
W. G. COLLETT,
J. M. BENDIS, JR.,
DAN H. CALDER,
HYRUM GROESBECK,
JOS. A. JENNINGS,
RICHARD HOWE,
JOSEPH HARRIS PARR,
J. H. HURD,
HENRY TRIBE,
R. H. PIERCE,
BYRON GROSS,
GEORGE E. FULT,
H. P. RICHARDS,
C. R. SAVAGE,
RICHARD W. YOUNG,
J. H. TORRONT,
J. M. PAUL,
W. H. CULMER,
C. J. BRAIN,
CHARLES SANSON,
JOHN CLARK,
ALFALDES YOUNG,
WILLIAM CALDER,
ALONZO YOUNG,
A. C. YOUNG,
T. G. WEBBER,
T. N. OLSON,
ROBERT SHERWOOD,
NORMAN L. HALL,
G. E. MCERLAIN,
HENRY E. N. PHELPS,
WILLIAM W. PHELPS,
W. O. NORRIS,
JOHN MCKINNEY, JR.,
W. C. McDONALD,
JOHN H. KEENE,
W. E. D. BARNETT,
G. W. PARKS,
A. J. LEWIS,
M. KENNEDY,
WILLIAM CONDON,
JAMES W. WHITEHEAD, JR.,
E. A. FRANKS,
J. M. BARNETT,
T. H. BENNETT,
H. A. SLADE,
H. T. HUTCHINSON,
H. H. SCHILLING,
P. DANIELS,
G. BECHTOLD,
U. WORTHINGTON,
FRED W. CLEGGHORN,
E. C. LANDER,
W. WOOD,
J. A. CORRIEVAU,
F. BARKER,
R. J. KNIGHT,
ISAAC A. CLAYTON,
THOMAS GOODMAN,
DAVID L. MURDOCK,
C. A. CALVERT,
C. M. NEILSON,
F. S. FERNSTROM,
H. P. HANSEN,
C. P. LARSON,
J. E. HANSEN,
ANTON PEDERSEN,
C. J. GYLLENSTON,
OSCAR J. PETERSEN,
BERNARD H. HANSEN,
H. P. HANSEN,
HARIN LUND,
W. H. PETERSEN,
OSCAR F. PETERSEN,
EMIL JENSEN,
E. G. WOOLLEY, JR.,
GEORGE D. PETERSEN,
GEORGE E. BLAIR,
NEPHI W. CLAYTON,
RULON S. WELLS,
JOHN M. CANNON,
STANLEY H. CLAWSON,
OLIVER HODGSON,
A. T. ERICKSON,
I. W. FLETCHER,
A. S. GEDDES,
ISAAC M. WADDELL,
E. G. HOLDING,
J. H. MOYLE,
CHARLES F. WILCOX,
W. C. BURTON,
N. V. JONES,
JOSEPH R. RICHARDS,
HEBER BENNETT,
C. M. NIELSEN,
GEORGE W. TIMPSON,
A. M. SWAN,
THOMAS A. HOWE,
H. S. BEATTIE,
H. E. CAMPBELL,
L. J. BROWN,
JOHN ALFORD,
WILLIAM M. BROWN,
THOMAS E. JACOBSEN,
HYRUM D. SMITH,
DANIEL J. LANG,
A. M. WOOLLEY,
JAMES H. POULTON,
G. E. CUSHING,
J. BULL, JR.,
G. H. LOVE,
E. G. WOOLLEY.

TO THE DEMOCRATS OF UTAH.
All persons interested in the organization and success of the Democratic party in the territory are requested and urged to form clubs in their respective localities. If the Central Democratic club of Salt Lake county is advised in time when meetings for this purpose will be held all the proper aid will be furnished by this club and able speakers will be delegated to attend and speak at the meetings. The necessary blanks for perfecting organizations can be obtained free upon application to the Utah Democrat, this city.

FRANK H. DYER,
President Central Democratic club.

Fourth Precinct Mass Meeting.
A mass meeting of the Democrats of the Fourth precinct will be held at the Independent school house in the Eighteenth ward next Monday evening at 8:30 o'clock to nominate fourteen delegates to the county convention.

J. L. RAWLINS,
President Jeffersonian Democratic Club.

ATTENTION, MINERS.
Stay away from Eureka, Utah. This place is overrun with idle men. John Dugan, corresponding secretary Eugene Miner's Union.

Mrs. GRAHAM'S FACE BLEACH

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